



No more  
dirty  
water-closet bowls

and no more unpleasant work  
keeping them clean. For Sani-Flush  
will quickly make them  
white as new without scrubbing  
or touching the bowl with the  
hands.

**Sani-Flush**  
Cleans  
Water-Closet Bowls

Sani-Flush is a powdered chemical  
compound—disinfectant and de-  
odorant—easy to use and harmless  
to bowl and plumbing. Get a can  
today and be worried no more by  
a discolored water-closet bowl.

20 cents a can  
at your grocer's

#### TEST SEED AT ONCE.

If every grain of corn planted  
should grow, you could double  
your corn crop. The process of  
testing is so simple that any  
child can learn it in ten min-  
utes. The children of the pub-  
lic schools can do all the test-  
ing, and, if you plant only  
tested seed, you can depend up-  
on an increase of 10 bushels  
per acre. The average corn  
county has 100,000 acres of corn  
land; ten more bushels than  
you ever had before would mean  
1,000,000 bushels, which at 50  
cents, a very conservative price,  
would add \$500,000 to the an-  
nual wealth of your county.

What applied to corn, applies  
to other grains. Teach the chil-  
dren to test it all.

If you are in doubt as to the  
condition of your seed corn, it  
would be well for you to make  
a shallow box, some two or  
three inches deep, large enough  
to make a test for ten acres;  
that is, twelve squares one way  
by ten across. The box should  
be about 36x40 inches. Fill the  
box about half full of moist  
dirt, sand or vermiculite. We pre-  
fer vermiculite because it is light-  
er and can be handled in the  
house. Press it well down so  
that it will have a smooth even  
surface.

Take a white cloth about the  
size of the box, rule it off  
checker-board fashion, making  
squares two or three inches each  
way, numbering 1, 2, 3, etc.

Take a flower stalk, or make a  
pod to fit the top of the box,  
padding it with an inch or two  
of moist sawdust or sand.

Remove six to ten kernels  
from each ear selected, num-  
bering each ear and putting  
the kernels from each in the  
corresponding square in the  
box. Place the box in a warm  
place, where it will not chill.

Keep the pad well dampened  
and warm, and in five or six  
days you can roll up the pad  
carefully, and you will find  
that your seed will show the  
quality: kernels which show  
both sprouts and rootlets in  
healthy condition are fit for  
planting; ears from which the  
kernels show sprout only, or  
rootlets only, may or may not  
grow, but it is best not to take  
any chances with such ears.

All weak and dried ears should  
be thrown into the feed box  
and the test repeated until  
you are sure you have enough  
perfect ears to plant your acre-  
age.

#### Notice.

Dr. M. B. Newhouse has moved his  
office from 129 West Center street to  
128 1-2, opposite side of the street,  
in same quarters now occupied by Dr. F.  
M. Mann over Dodright Inn.

## BOWSER BALKED.

By a Recalcitrant Bedstead  
This Time.

STOPS HIM IN THREE ROUNDS

And He Learns That It Is Sometimes  
Cheaper to Pay a Dollar to the Furni-  
ture Man Than to Wreck the House  
and One's Temper.

By M. QUAD.  
(Copyright, 1912, by the Associated Lit-  
erary Press.)

THE fire crackled on the hearth—  
that is, it crackled in the fur-  
nace, down in the cellar, and  
every crackle cost 10 cents.

The cat purred, and the cricket sang  
—that is, again, the cat was out on the  
back fence with a chip on his shoulder,  
and the cricket had put in his eight  
hours a day and wouldn't have sung  
another sing for a dollar a note.

From the front door of the Bowser  
residence to the farthest point north  
reached by Dr. Cook when he went on  
his Sunday school picnic the winter  
winds blew.

It's a habit the winter winds have,  
and the interstate commerce commis-  
sion has found no way of handling the  
question.

Mr. Bowser had been reading a news-  
paper account of the life of Captain  
Kidd and wishing he had turned to  
piracy when the stillness of the room  
was broken by the voice of Mrs. Bow-  
ser, saying:

"When you go downtown in the  
morning I wish you would do a little  
errand for me."

"What is it?" he drowsily queried.  
"I want to change a couple of bed-  
steads upstairs, and I want a man to  
come up from the furniture store and  
do it."

#### Bowser Volunteers.

"Eh? What? What's the matter  
with me doing it this evening? I've  
nothing on hand for the next ten min-  
utes."

"But you see?"

"Yes, I see that you'd like to make  
me \$10 expense for a furniture man to



MRS. BOWSER HAD BEEN KNOCKED FLAT BY  
ONE OF THEM.

come up here and paw around for two  
days. Well, he won't come. Those  
bedsteads will be taken down, moved  
and set up again inside of twenty min-  
utes at the latest."

"It's very kind of you, Mr. Bowser,  
but you—"

"Oh, I'll get mad over it, will I?"

"I'm afraid."

"You never made a bigger mistake in  
your life. I've been taking down bed-  
steads all my life, and you never saw  
me get mad over it. I can't see what  
put such an absurd notion into your  
head. Mad? Why, such things are a  
perfect joy to me!"

"But hadn't you just as soon send up  
a man?"

"Not if this court knows herself. I  
feel like wrestling with something  
heavy just now. No furniture man  
looks me out of ten big dollars. Come  
up and show me, and I'll make the dust  
fly."

"And you won't blame me?" asked  
Mrs. Bowser as she saw that he was  
determined to carry his point.

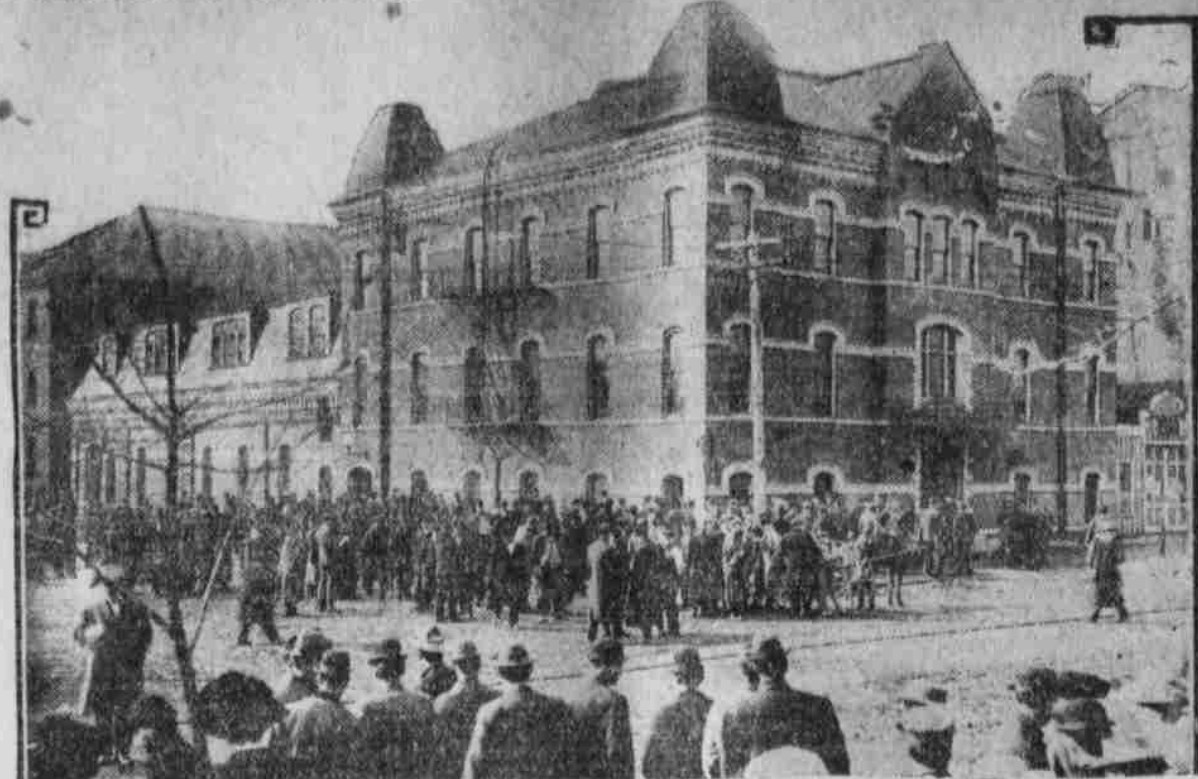
#### To the Work!

"Blame you, my dear? What an idea!  
When did I ever blame you for any-  
thing? And what could I blame you  
for in this case, even if I was that sort  
of a human hyena?"

As they proceeded upstairs Mr. Bow-  
ser whistled a bounding air and spat  
on his hands and worked his muscles.  
There was fun ahead. The villain of  
the motion picture was to be felled.

The bedsteads stood there as inno-  
cent as two lambs. To look at them  
one could say that they had 100 miles in

## MAYOR WHOSE COMMAND SENT VOLLEY INTO THREATENING MOB IS BARRICADED IN OFFICE FOR PROTECTION AGAINST DYNAMITERS



Crowd around Rock Island city hall morning after shooting, hardware store where mob tried to get weapons, and  
Mayor Harry M. Schriver.

Mayor Schriver, of Rock Island, Ill., at whose command police fired a volley into the mob that surround-  
ed the city hall Tuesday night, killing two men and wounding several, lives in constant fear of sudden  
death. Soldiers guard him in his home, and at his office barricades have been constructed as a protection  
against bomb-throwers. The full regiment of state militia that has been sent to Rock Island probably will  
remain there for some time. Martial law, declared the day after the shooting, is still in effect.

their breasts. The first thing was to  
remove the mattress. Mr. Bowser  
made a plunge, a grab and a twist and  
they were off, and Mrs. Bowser had  
been knocked flat by one of them.

"The idea of sending for an extor-  
tioner!" he exclaimed as he pushed  
up his sleeves and reached for the  
springs. "And the idea of my getting  
mad about!"

Genie reader, you have tried to re-  
move bed springs. You begin in a joy-  
ous way, and that you are living and  
that the cold storage companies have  
got 220,000,000 eggs laid away for your  
customers in 1914, but you end up with  
a feeling of murder in your heart. As  
Mr. Bowser made his dive the slats at  
the head fell down, the springs bobbed  
up at the foot, and somebody got a  
blow on the chin that made him bite  
his tongue.

Mrs. Bowser was in the adjoining  
room. She heard the beginning of a  
speech, and she came running in to  
ask:

"Well, dear, are you getting along all  
right?"

"Get out!" was shouted at her.

"But why?"

"Because I want all the room  
there is. If these springs think they  
can run this house I'm going to show  
'em to the contrary."

"But you won't?"

He waved her out and spat on his  
hands and moved the springs from  
six different directions. It suddenly oc-  
curred to him to drop the foot slats,  
and let the springs fall bodily to the  
floor, and he was rubbing his hands  
and smiling when Mrs. Bowser came  
in again.

"I thought the plaster was falling  
off," she explained.

"Nothing is falling off, and every-  
thing is sailing along like a duck. You  
may retire, Mrs. Bowser."

According to the statistics of the ag-  
ricultural department, there are seven-  
teen different ways of taking down a  
bedstead. Mr. Bowser knew of but  
one. Although so long a married man,  
he had given full attention to moving  
bureaus and let the bedstead question  
slide. That one way was to pick a bed-  
stead up and shake it apart. He tried it.

No good. The bedstead wouldn't  
shake.

Then he tugged and twisted and wab-  
bled and grunted.

No use.

Then he grabbed that doomed bed-  
stead by the neck and hauled it around  
the room and slammed it and kicked  
it and registered a vow that—

#### Unlimbering the Bedstead.

Then both ends of a rail suddenly  
loosened, and it dropped to the floor  
with a crash. On the way down it  
struck Mr. Bowser's foot, and when  
Mrs. Bowser came running up he was  
hopping around on one leg and getting  
ready to say things.

"What is it now?"

"Nothing—nothing whatever. When  
you are wanted to boss this job you  
will be notified."

When she had departed he put the  
foot down and investigated the other  
bed rail. He lifted up on it, and it  
came loose, and with it hinged to his  
palpitating heart Mr. Bowser sat down  
with a jar. He had kicked the door on  
Mrs. Bowser, and when she came  
knocking at a rattling he was saying to  
himself:

"Now, by the great horn spoon, I  
will do somebody a mortal injury! The  
idea that a freeborn citizen of the  
United States can't take down an in-  
fernal old bedstead by his own house-

without being insulted and humiliated  
ends for blood!"

He rose up and slammed the mat-  
tress around. He kicked the rails.  
He banged the head and foot pieces,  
and every time he slammed or kicked  
or banged he uttered a whoop.

#### The Storm Breaks.

There was a picture of Napoleon  
crossing the Alps on the wall. Mr.  
Bowser jumped for it and pulled it  
down and kicked Napoleon in the stom-  
ach and wrecked him.

There was another picture called  
"Rebecca at the Well." He made a  
jump for Rebecca and scared her off  
the roof and kicked the well and its  
old oaken bucket sky high. Then he  
unlocked the door, that Mrs. Bowser  
might put her head into the room to  
exclaim:

"Mr. Bowser, you have frightened  
the cook into a fit!"

"I don't care a darn!" he shouted.

"And the neighbors are ringing the  
doorbell!"

"Let 'em ring!"

"But what is it?"

In reply he looked at her for a long  
minute in silence. His face had a  
chlorotic of blue color, his ears were  
working dangerously, and it was evi-  
dent that he was boiling within. Then  
he hoarsely whispered:

"Mrs. Bowser, you know how this  
thing would result, and you put up a  
job on me."

"Why, Mr. Bowser, I warned you at  
the outset that!"

"You never did—never! Woman, no  
further words are necessary! I go! I  
leave the house! You can dabble your  
hands in the cat's heart's blood if you  
wish, but not in mine—not in mine!"

And he left the house to walk in the  
wind and cold, and to be greeted as  
"Old Pop" by joyous young men, and  
to have a policeman call him a sus-  
picious character, and to sneak back  
and up to bed and fall asleep without  
saying a word to Mrs. Bowser about  
alimony and divorce.

#### A Quick Lunch.

"Out to Luncheon—Back in Five Min-  
utes," read the sign on the door. "Are  
you sure he will get back that soon?"  
asked the anxious caller. "Yes'm,"  
said the wise office boy. "He ain't got  
the price of a ten minutes' lunch in  
his clothes!"—Toledo Blade.

#### Affliction.

A woman's idea of a real sor-  
row is not to be able to wear a  
low necked dress.—Detroit Free  
Press.

#### A Proverb Question.

"Remember that politeness costs  
nothing," said the ready-made philoso-  
pher.

"I've heard that told," replied Mr.  
Cumrox, "but I never yet saw any  
gratis politeness from a head waiter."  
—Washington Star.

#### Why He Looked Chubby.

"How fat and well your little boy  
looks!"

"Ah, you should never judge from  
appearances. He's got a gumball on  
one side of his face, and he has been  
stung by a wasp on the other."—Pole  
Mile.

#### Bachelor's Idea.

Mrs. Benham—"What is the mean-  
est thing a woman can say to a man?"  
Benham—"Yes"—when he is fool  
enough to propose."—Town Topics

## BRYAN WRITES

Continued from Page One.

stroyed, favors the nomination of Mr.  
Harmon? Do you think that he is a  
good man to advise the Democratic  
party in regard to nominations when  
he has been conspicuous in opposing  
our party on every progressive meas-  
ure? Do you not know that the pre-  
dictory corporations are deeply inter-  
ested in the selection of a president  
who will honor their recommendations  
for men aspiring to the United  
States judgeships?

"Do you not know that almost with-  
out exception the members of the  
plunder band favor Mr. Harmon  
against any progressive who can be  
named? Are these men mistaken in  
their view? Do you not know that the  
Wall street controlled papers are al-  
most without exception presenting  
Mr. Harmon and urging his nomina-  
tion as against any progressive?"

"Are these men mistaken in their  
view? May we not judge a man by  
his supporters when we find him sup-  
ported by those who want to convert  
the government into a private asset?  
Can the people take the chance in-  
volved in putting such a man in su-  
preme control of the party and the  
administration of the government  
when men can be found equally com-  
petent and who have the merit of be-  
ing opposed by Wall street?"

#### Anent Woodrow Wilson.

"You assert that another candidate  
whom you mention is spending more  
money than Mr. Harmon."

"I am not interested in any one  
progressive against other progres-  
sives; I am for that progressive in  
each state, whatever his name may  
be who can make the strongest fight  
against any reactionary candidate,  
whatever may be the name of the re-  
actionary, and I am urging, and have  
been for some time, the passage of  
a law requiring the publication of  
contributions made to the funds that  
are used to secure presidential nomi-  
nations. I believe that the people  
should know the sources from which  
these contributions come."

"Are you and Governor Harmon try-  
ing to secure the passage of such a

## FINE TONIC FOR WOMEN.



Boarders Take Risks.  
If a boarding-house keeper in Aus-  
tria having a leased house sublets  
rooms to boarders and then fails to  
pay the rent of the house the lessor  
may levy for payment against every-  
thing in the house, regardless of the  
ownership thereof.

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## FREE TO YOU—MY SISTER



treatment a complete trial; and if you should wish to continue, it will not interfere with your work or occupation.  
Just send me your name and address, tell me how you suffer if you wish, and I will send you the  
treatment for your case, entirely free, in plain wrapper, by return mail. I will also send you free  
of cost, my book—WOMAN'S OWN MEDICAL ADVISER—with explanatory illustrations show-  
ing why women suffer, and how they can really cure themselves at home. Every woman should  
have it, and learn to think for herself. When the doctor says: "You must have an opera-  
tion," you can decide for yourself. Thousands of women have cured themselves with my home  
remedy. It cures all old or young. To Mothers of Daughters, I will explain a simple home  
treatment which speedily and effectually cures Leucorrhoea, Green Discharge and Painful or  
Irregular Menstruation in Young Ladies. Pimples and blemishes always result from too late  
or improper use of face cream. I can refer you to ladies of your own locality who know and will gladly  
tell you of their cure. This Home Treatment really cures all women's diseases, and makes women  
well, strong, plump and robust. Just send me your address, and the free ten days' treatment is  
yours. Also the book. Write today, as you may not see this offer again. Address  
MISS M. SUMMERS, Box 14

## Free to You and Every Sister Suffering From Women's Ailments.

I am a woman.  
I know women's sufferings.  
I have found the cure.

I will mail, free of any charge, my home treat-  
ment with full instructions to any sufferer from  
women's ailments. I want to tell all women about  
this cure—yes, my reader, for yourself, your  
daughter, your mother, or your sister. I want  
to tell you how to cure yourselves at home without  
the help of a doctor. Men cannot understand women's  
sufferings. What we women know from ex-  
perience, we know better than any doctor. I know  
that my home treatment is a safe and sure cure for  
Leucorrhoea or White Discharge, Irritation, Dis-  
placement or Falling of the Womb, Profuse, Scanty  
or Painful Periods, Iritis or Ovarian Tumors or  
Growth; also pains in the head, back and bowels,  
bearing down feelings, nervousness, creeping feel-  
ing up the spine, marasmus, desire to cry, hot  
flushes, weariness, kidney and bladder troubles  
where caused by weaknesses peculiar to our sex.

I want to send you a complete ten days' treatment  
entirely free to prove to you that you can cure  
yourself at home, easily, quickly and surely.  
Remember, that it will cost you nothing to give the  
trial.

Now, by the great horn spoon, I  
will do somebody a mortal injury! The  
idea that a freeborn citizen of the  
United States can't take down an in-  
fernal old bedstead by his own house-

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